The Medical Missionary

MADONNA OF THE MISSIONS

Vol. XIII JUNE, 1939 No. 6

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Published monthly except July and August by The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, Inc., Brookland, Washington, D. C., in the interest of Medical Missions and Women of the Orient.

English address: Medical Mission House, 98 Thornbury Road, Osterley, Middlesex, England.

Subscription: $1 per year, $5 for six years. European, $1 per year.

Entered as second class matter September 11, 1928, at the post office of Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Who Wins?

The essay contest on the subject of THE MEDICAL MISSION VOCATION is over. Six winners have been chosen—that means hundreds of papers from all over the United States have been rejected. Yet those very "hundreds" have made us feel that the contest has been a success.

We call it a success, not just because these boys and girls have shown that they know something about the ideals and scope of a comparatively new community, but because, in a wider sense, they have touched upon at least one phase of Mission Action.

Mission Action reaches farther than a single congregation; it goes beyond an isolated occupation. It is more than wrapping bandages and buying babies; it is the stem on which all these are borne—and it springs from Faith.

Faith—deep, living, joyous Faith—cannot help itself: It must burst beyond the limits of its own small self and find concrete expression. The heart that is steeped in it is the heart of the child who has received a precious doll, a shiny scooter-bike, and must run down the street to show it to everyone it meets. But the child cannot give his treasure away and still possess it. We can—and "our chief joy in life should come, not when we are honored, but when we see God honored. Our happiness should be found in bringing others to Christ." This happiness of spirit is the Christian's contribution to society. As the Curé de Torcy puts it in *The Diary of a Country Priest:* "I'll define you a Christian people by the opposite. The opposite of a Christian people is a people grown sad and old."

We are likewise grateful to those teachers who have helped and encouraged their pupils to take part in the contest. As the plant is made up of many parts and yet is one plant, so the religious societies and communities within the Church are distinct, yet in a deeper sense not separate. There are the contemplatives, hidden roots probing deeper and deeper into the earth to bring the fullness of moisture and food—and no one sees them. There are the explicit missionaries, reaching upward with what may seem a reckless hardihood, bursting into flower on the outermost limits—and they are seen by many.

In between the two, and connecting them, are those teachers and laborers who physically never go beyond a certain boundary, yet who are the link between root and blossom. Often they are hidden; more often they are overlooked—but a flower without a stem would be a monstrosity!

Why this distinction? Why should one part bear colored petals for all to see, and another be hidden by foliage or earth? In simple faith, there is only one answer: It is God's way. We give Him what He asks, not what we choose. There were still Jews and pagans in Jerusalem when some of the apostles left "to teach all nations." And if the root gives itself to feed the stalk, and the stalk provides the channel to the flower, the flower itself has bloomed only that it may spend *all* of itself to produce new seed.

Let us quote once more from *The Field Afar:* "How much faith has he who hugs it to his breast without any thought of sharing it with his neighbor? How much understanding of his Faith has he who believes its substance without passing on to its logical implications? . . . Only a missionary church lives. . . . Let us preserve our life by communicating life, increase our strength by exercising our strength, keep our Faith by giving it away."

CONTEST WINNERS

High School Division

FIRST PRIZE: Marie E. Preston, St. Vincent Academy, Newark, N. J. Transportation and expenses for the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Convention at Catholic University, August 22-26.

SECOND PRIZE: Margie Lemker, Seton High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. Transportation to the Convention.

THIRD PRIZE: Nell Caver, Mount St. Joseph, Augusta, Ga. Expenses at the Convention.

Nurses' Division

FIRST PRIZE: C. Alice Riley, St. Elizabeths' Hospital, Brighton, Mass. Choice of $15 worth of books.

SECOND PRIZE: Dorothy Sommer, Mercy School of Nursing, Portsmouth, Ohio. Choice of $10 worth of books.

THIRD PRIZE: Helen Tschirhart, Providence Hospital, Detroit, Mich. Choice of $5 worth of books.

High Spots On A Mission Cruise

By

ANNA DENGEL, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Nara

A short trip took us from Kobe to Nara, which every tourist is destined to see, as it is the ancient capital and the cradle of Japanese arts and literature. Its park is the largest in the country—a great, natural woodland, with hundreds of tame deer. It was a restful oasis amid the comings and goings from temple to temple, whose names are impossible to remember. I can only recall the Great Eastern Temple, which contains the immense Buddha, weighing five hundred tons, and a bell weighing forty-eight tons.

The sight that impressed itself most deeply upon me in Nara was the long lane of stone lanterns under ancient trees. It was in this city, too, that I saw a very fine Protestant church in Japanese style, and I was told that there was a similar Catholic one, for which I made an energetic search, but the hour of departure for Kyoto had struck before I could find it.

Kyoto

Kyoto was the pivot of old Japan and still is a big city of 705,000 souls. It was the stronghold of Buddhism, and for more than a thousand years was the residence of the Mikado. It has no less than three thousand Buddhist and Shinto temples—the most unusual of them all is the Temple of the Thousand Golden Buddhas! Having traveled through India, Ceylon, Siam, Java, China, Korea and Japan, one cannot help but marvel at the extraordinary influence of Buddhism through the centuries. It is atheistic; it teaches that all is fleeting, nothing is real, and this life is all a delusion. After death, the soul must migrate for ages through stages of life, inferior and superior, until it arrives at last in *Nirvana* or absorption in Buddha. The total extinction of being, personality and consciousness is to be the aspiration of true believers. The true state of the human soul, according to the Buddhists, is blissful extinction.

In Kyoto we were more than ever saturated with temple structures. A jump from the old to the new came when we were served dinner in the hotel by girls in bell-hop trousers and caps like Scotch "kilties"!

The Old

Osaka

Osaka, which is less than an hour from Kobe by electric train, was not on our program, but I was glad I had an opportunity to see this commercial metropolis of Japan, which tells a big tale of the country. It is a city of smokestacks such as I had never seen before—and what is more, there was smoke from most of the chimneys! More than two thousand firms of different trades and industries are represented.

The city has more than two and a half million inhabitants, and appears modern in every respect. My friend and I drove through the newer sections, which are ultra-modern, and also through the older, which are crowded. Canals and bridges abound. To get to the cathedral we drove along a canal which was lined with large warehouses which were veritable beehives of activity. Our car had to make frequent stops to allow trucks and men with heavy loads to pass. The cathedral itself is in a section which seems very old. The floor was covered with thick rice mats, and in front near the railing, like a faithful sentinel, sat a bent figure of a woman, praying. The Bishop was a member of the Paris Foreign Mission Society and was most kind. He told us he had spent many years in Japan and that Osaka was a great field for works of mercy. In his territory the Sisters of Charity had found ample scope for service of the sick and others.

Everyone knows how modernized Japan is, but I think few realize to what extent until they visit the country. The Mitsukoshi department store in Osaka was truly an eye-opener to me. It was a marvel from basement to roof! An English-speaking guide took us from floor to floor, pointed out the great varieties of *obis* and then conducted us through an exhibit of mysterious dolls in pompous attire, representing

historic emperors, empresses, and other notables. In one department, wigs for Japanese ladies were on sale—they were expensive. Elsewhere we admired lovely Satsuma tea sets, *saké* flasks and cups, lacquer goods, silks, and so on. Everything was displayed most attractively!

On the roof there was a miniature garden with Japanese dwarf trees (for sale). One corner housed a tiny shrine, *torii* and all. From the stairways floated a gala array of good-will banners—it is really impossible to do justice to the store in a few words! All I can say is, it combined all that is modern and artistic.

The courtesy of being guided around as if we were visiting a museum (which in reality it was to us) did not end with the inspection of the departments. In response to our inquiry of how and where to see the most interesting things, the manager put our English-speaking boy at our disposal. Thanks to him, we saw a great part of the city which, in sections at least, was flooded with electric lights in all shapes and colors. The arch of lights on Shiyasaki street even outdoes Broadway! Japan has ample waterpower everywhere, due to its mountains, and is able to furnish the smallest fishing village with cheap electricity.

In Osaka, too, we visited Harihan's restaurant and sampled *Sukyaki.* A young lady brought us green tea and coffee to sip while she prepared the dish in our presence. First slices of beef were cooked in a square box, which contained a charcoal fire, then vegetables and native ingredients were added. We sat round on cushions and watched—needless to say, it was an amusing wait. The performance of eating what seemed to us stew with chopsticks was even more hilarious! Our gracious waitress encouraged us, and we did not do so badly at all. When we left, the hostess, her daughter and two men bade us good-bye with profound bows and smiles.

We did not see much of Kobe. The surrounding cities held so much of interest that we had no time left to meander about before we had to leave for Yokohama. Already from afar we saw its coast line bristling with masts. Before the treaty with Commodore Perry in 1859, it was a mere fishing village; now it has grown to a big city of well over half a million inhabitants.

We did not spend much time in Yokohama; Tokyo, only thirty minutes away by electric train, was the big attraction. The first and last impression of Tokyo was that it is an immense modern capital. It ranks as the third largest city in the world, with almost six million people, and covers 213 square miles. Transportation facilities to the different parts of the city and the country are splendid. However, despite this modern trend, those who know told us that the introduction of western architecture, ways and ideas has not yet produced many changes in the lives and customs of the majority of the people of the city, much less so in rural areas. The civilization of twenty-six hundred years is deeply rooted. It is this very fact which makes the country interesting to the traveler.

One of the dominating sights is the Imperial Palace, where the Mikado lives behind moats and walls protected by soldiers. The person of the Emperor is so sacred that it is said that the doctor must wear silk gloves to feel his pulse, and that tailors must take measurements by perspective. Mistakes made in regard to His Majesty are usually atoned for by committing *hara-kiri* (suicide). The Emperor is said to be a very learned and accomplished person.

Our main headquarters in Tokyo were the Imperial Hotel, which was built by a Chicago architect and planned to be earthquake-proof. As a matter of fact, it did stand the test in the terrific catastrophe of September 1, 1923, when the greater part of Tokyo fell victim to the quake and flames. The city was rebuilt quickly and has fine public edifices and parks, as well as the poor sections common to all big cities. Of the shrines, the one devoted to Emperor Meiji was the most outstanding in interest because it brought to mind the accomplishments of the far-sighted man who set out to modernize Japan to keep pace with the rest of the world.

We paid a visit to the fine hospital of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. It also participates in the modernness of Japan. The nuns told us of Father Flaugac, who is actively interested in tuberculosis control, a great problem in Japan. Long hours of labor, low wages, the use, for sitting and sleeping, of rice mats which retain moisture a long time, undernourishment, crowding and other factors may be given as an explanation. Five percent of the people between the ages of twenty and twenty-five die of tuberculosis. There are about 1,200,000 consumptives, and 120,000 die annually of this disease. However, in proportion to the population, this

The New

is not higher than in America, where in 1936, for instance, 70,907 died of tuberculosis. Strenuous efforts are made in Japan to fight the "white plague," as we were told in the big sanitarium we visited.

From there the doctors introduced us to the Red Cross hospital, which is very large and seemed well organized. In the nurses' training school we chanced on a class in etiquette. Just then the teacher was demonstrating how to carry the tray gracefully! On the wall we saw a chart with the rules for nurses. They might apply everywhere: Be kind, be faithful, be persevering, have self-control, be modest, obey rules, be brave, be alert, do not be extravagant, be gentle, courteous and well-behaved!

There seemed to be plenty of physicians in Japan—an average of one for every 1,300 persons. There are about one hundred thousand nurses and sixty thousand midwives. Dentists and pharmacists also seem to be numerous. Tokyo also has two medical schools for women, one of them established fifty years ago. The fact that there are about thirty-six hundred women physicians in Japan proves that there is a field of labor for them.

One of the high spots of my stay in Tokyo was the privilege of an audience with the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency, the Most Rev. Marella, who is very much interested in art and presented us with holy pictures by a Japanese artist. His secretary, Reverend Father Felsecker, M.M., told us of the plan of the Maryknoll Sisters to start a model tuberculosis hospital.

It was also a privilege to make the acquaintance of Abbé Totsuka, M.D., who was actively engaged in promoting a Catholic hospital under Japanese auspices. He had very devoted workers. Abbé Totsuka kindly made arrangements for our last visit in Tokyo; namely, to the Catholic University, which holds a key position in Asia. Among twenty government universities, it is the only one that is Catholic. It is conducted by German Jesuits and Japanese lay professors. We spent a very interesting hour with the Jesuit rector, who is an Austrian Count.

Catholicity is making progress in Japan. There are 115 priests, 127 Brothers and 672 Sisters who are Japanese, and 313 Catholic churches and chapels. Besides a number of educational institutions, there are two leper colonies with 178 inmates, and fifteen hospitals. The present Emperor's tutor, Admiral Yamanoto, is a fervent Catholic. The total number of Catholics in Japan is more than 100,000. The labors of St. Francis Xavier and the blood of the Japanese martyrs are bringing forth fruit slowly but steadily.

The Eternal

Our tourist director was determined not to let us leave Tokyo without seeing a *Kabuki* play. The setting, the costumes, the music, the acting were novel to us. Japanese plays would deserve a whole chapter, judging from the little we saw, read and heard. The packed theater showed that the people must be very fond of such entertainment.

On our last day in Japan we drove to Kamakura, where we met Buddha once more, this time the famous *Daibutsu,* said to be the most impressive bronze image of its kind. Whether that is so or not, I cannot say, but certainly the Buddha, erected in 1252, looked serenely on the crowd of pilgrims and was in

(*Continued on page* 108)

Medieval Missionary Medicine

By

James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D.

When in the first quarter of the thirteenth century the orders of Friars Minor, the Franciscans and Dominicans, were founded, one of the great purposes they undertook was the giving of missions, that is the religious instruction of the people outside of the cities. This work included the conveying of information about health matters as well as instruction on religious subjects so that the faithful might be capable of cultivating their health as well as their religion.

Perhaps the most striking evidence for this is the well known encyclopedia of the Franciscan friar, Bartholomew the Englishman, also known as *Bartolomeus Anglicus* since his book was written in Latin. The title of it was *De proprietatibus rerum, The Properties of Things,* and its purpose was the imparting of information with regard to Scriptural subjects as well as to health matters. One of the books — that was the name given to what we would call chapters— is a demonstration of how much medical information Bartholomew had accumulated during the course of his wanderings from one Franciscan house to another, and above all how closely the terminology of the book approaches that with which we are most familiar at the present time.

Bartholomew wanted to make a book that would afford handy service for his brother Franciscans but also for parish priests generally in helping their penitents and parishioners who were interested in many things about which there were very few sources of reliable information in his day. We all know how popular at the present time are the pages of Catholic magazines which are devoted to answering questions. This was what Bartholomew in his encyclopedia tried to do. He was in a very true sense a medical missionary under circumstances in the Middle Ages where there was need of someone in authority who could be consulted to advantage.

It is a great surprise to find how many of the terms that Bartholomew uses in his chapter on medicine continue to be used down to the present time. Most people would be inclined to think that an encyclopedia, written in the Middle Ages containing a long chapter of some 40,000 words on medicine, would comprise very little information that would have any special significance. Indeed most of us would be quite convinced that the greater part of the contents would surely be taken up with vague superstitions and absurdities of various kinds that were in vogue seven hundred years ago, and that might be the source of humor for a modern reader but would contain very little about medicine as we know it.

As a matter of fact it is astounding to find how the medical terms as to diagnosis and treatment which occur in Bartholomew are familiar to us now, and how interesting it is to discover that seven centuries have made nothing like the difference we might think should be worked in medical terminology and diagnosis by an historical period of that length.

Let me illustrate. I may say that these are not chance citations and not arbitrary translations with the idea of emphasizing similarity, but they are the words that were used in the English translation of Bartholomew published a year or so after Columbus discovered America.

The English Franciscan began his medical treatise with the head and gradually worked his way down to the feet, and in the course of his book on medicine he calls attention to most of the diseases of the body that we are familiar with at the present time. He begins with headache, its causes and signs (symptoms) and this is followed by a capitulum or brief chapter on the medical treatment of pain and ache in the head. Next he discusses catarrh or running from the head. Then comes a capitulum on the causes and remedies of frenzy, the word that he uses for delirium, which makes its appearance so often in fever. After that he takes up dementia or amentia, the equivalents for our insanity, and

this is followed by a short chapter on stupor and lethargy.

Next comes vertigo, followed by wakefulness or insomnia, and then he treats of paralysis and remedies against it. He takes up the diseases of the eyes and treats of defective vision (spectacles were first brought into use in the thirteenth century) and of blindness or privation of vision, and this is followed by deafness and its causes. Next come polyps and fetor of the nose, what we call ozena, and then he discusses diseases of the nose. Some years ago a young advertising man invented the word halitosis, which is the Greek for bad breath. We do not know exactly what causes foulness of the breath in a great many cases, and some of us recall that expression of George Eliot's that we map out our ignorance in long Greek names. Well, halitosis is the long Greek name. Bartholomew did not use it because he had other words to take its place and which were much more easily understood. He called it "stinking of the mouth." He says that it may be due to disease of the teeth or of the gums, to sores and pimples of the palate and mouth; sometimes it comes from the lungs and it may come from putrefied and rotted humors of the stomach. He notices that it is present in leprosy and, he says, "the breath of these patients stinks and affects others." He adds: "It comes sometimes from the eating of stinking things as happens in the case of those who are always eating garlic, onions and leeks and other stinking materials."

Bartholomew has a brief chapter on hoarseness and quinsy, or suffocation of the throat, and on difficulty of respiration either due to inspiration or expiration. He has a somewhat longer chapter on consumption, and then he has chapters on the various kinds of fever. He mentions quotidian and tertian and quartan as well as continued fever and he has acute and chronic fever. He discusses ileus or colic, dysentery, dropsy and jaundice, until one wonders if he did not know seven hundred years ago most of the ordinary diseases that our grandfathers knew. He discusses piles and hernia and pain in the kidneys but he also discusses in long paragraphs arthritis, sciatica, gout, and ulcers and abscesses of various kinds. He has a very interesting capitulum on snake poisoning in which he suggests that the wound should be cauterized as should also be the case with dog bite or rabies. He has a summing up of the treatment of the bites of poisonous animals. And then in conclusion he gives wise advice to physicians with regard to the relations between the doctor and his patient and how much this may mean in successful treatment.

Now that medical missionary work is organized so effectively, it is well for us to appreciate the fact that there was great missionary medical work brought into vogue seven hundred years ago. The Church was following the example of the Master in healing the bodies as well as the souls. Scholarly members of religious orders were making the precious knowledge that they had accumulated available to the faithful, and indeed their knowledge was so extensive that no wonder it is a matter of surprise for us the more we learn about it.

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perfect preservation.

At the newly built daughter abbey of Beuron, at Chikasaki, Father Happle, O.S.B., mentioned that Nestorian Christianity may have influenced Chinese Buddhism, and that after all, Buddhism had traveled to Japan via China and Korea. As the abbey had been founded to promote liturgy and indigenous art, the conversation naturally turned to the latter. Our host expressed the opinion that the Chinese and Japanese arts were superior to ours. At the end of an Oriental trip we could say: Seeing is believing. The Benedictines had picked a choice spot of beauty, from which even the sacred Fuji could be seen, though it did not disclose its flawless beauty to us. "See Fuji, and you will return to Japan," is the saying. If it is true, then my chances of setting foot on it again are nil. However, this did not prevent my thinking, "Au revoir," as we gaily bade farewell to the country where we enjoyed the most exquisite spring, wonderful sights and perfect hospitality.

And now our *Reliance* started its homeward journey through the Pacific, where the sky regaled us every night with its evening game of lights and colors on the smooth table of the mighty sea, and left us speechless, just to gaze, to absorb, and to marvel at the incomparable Painter! At Honolulu, *Aloha* and fragrant *leis* greeted us. In San Francisco the moon hung over the city as we sailed into the harbor, and the sun made it truly a Golden Gate as we left again. Los Angeles and Panama, Cuba and then—the Statue of Liberty once more! After six months under the solicitous care of captain and crew, we took leave with a deep feeling of appreciation of their friendliness, and expert services. As for our companions on our floating home—they were no longer casual acquaintances but neighbors. Probably we will never meet them again—but hearts do not bother about probabilities. They only smile and say: "Auf Wiedersehen!"

Headway Via Headwork

By
B. F. A.

THE foreign mission apostolate is a vaster field for intensive study than the average person realizes, for it opens up to us civilizations much older than our own, and philosophies just as profound. Indeed, the missionary must be firmly convinced of this fact if he is to meet the pagan on his own ground and make lasting conversions.

Let me illustrate my point by an example of what is being done in India. Father Johanns, who has devoted more than twenty years of his life to the study of Indian philosophies, maintains that the great thinkers of India have furnished us with almost all the material necessary for building a true Catholic philosophy. Hinduism, according to him, is the most searching quest of the Divine in the natural order that the world has ever witnessed. It has very many ideas in common, at least materially, with Christianity. The Indians, for example, have their theory about the inspiration of Scripture, about predestination, the grace of God, the vision of God, the realization of this vision in the purgative, the illuminative and the unitive ways. They have a keen conception of the fall of man, of how man turned away from God and his own soul and identified himself with his body and the material world. Consequently, man must turn away from the world and his worldly self towards God; this conversion can only be brought about by the love of God which ends in wholesale surrender and submission. The soul that surrenders to God will find also a God Who surrenders to her. Sublime indeed are these ideas and eminently fit to be incorporated into an Indian Apologetics.

The best augury of a man's success in his profession is that he thinks it is the finest in the world.—*George Eliot.*

Apologetics, however, must be based on philosophy. The missionary must be able not only to prove many natural truths from reason, but he must show also that Catholic dogma does not conflict with reason. Consequently, before there can be an Indian Apologetics, dressed up in Indian form with Indian terms and written according to the Indian habits of thought, we must have a philosophy, an Indian system of thought that will serve as the foundation of such a work.

The need of such intensive study and training for the missionary is confirmed by the fact that conversions among Hindus of higher caste, Moslems, Buddhists and members of other highly developed religions are rare. This is a significant fact and its implications deserve serious study. We must never lose sight of the fact that religion, at least among the higher classes in India, is a matter of thousands of years of tradition, which is already an advantage, at least of an emotional character. To change religious beliefs acquired by centuries of practice, to substitute the Christian code of morality for one which has become almost a second nature is clearly the most difficult problem confronting those engaged in foreign mission work.

Thus far I have stressed the necessity of intensive training in philosophy, theology and in the study of comparative religions. But there is scarcely an aspect known to modern scientific research that is not reflected in the missionary life of the Church today in all the mission fields. Much credit in this respect is due to our late lamented Pontiff Pius XI. In the great centers of Europe schools have been established for scientific research in every branch of mission work. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Jesuits, to the White Fathers and to the Fathers of the Divine Word for most of the anthropological data we possess today.

Our Savior's command to His Apostles and to their followers is to preach the Gospel "to every creature." With this command ringing in his ears, the missionary goes also to primitive races to bring them the knowledge and peace of Christ. It is here especially that success crowns his efforts. In India the religion of these various peoples is a base form of animism and magic, which has not the remotest relation to morality. They are the prey of superstitious fears and ignoble customs, the slaves of impulse. To convert such peoples might well seem hopeless, but in jungle and in city a transformation has been and continues to be wrought in the dregs of Hindu society, which none but the devoted and self-sacrificing missionary had dared to hope for. In this connection it is interesting to note that our missionaries today are doing the self-same work, and with no less heroism and success, as their predecessors of earlier centuries.

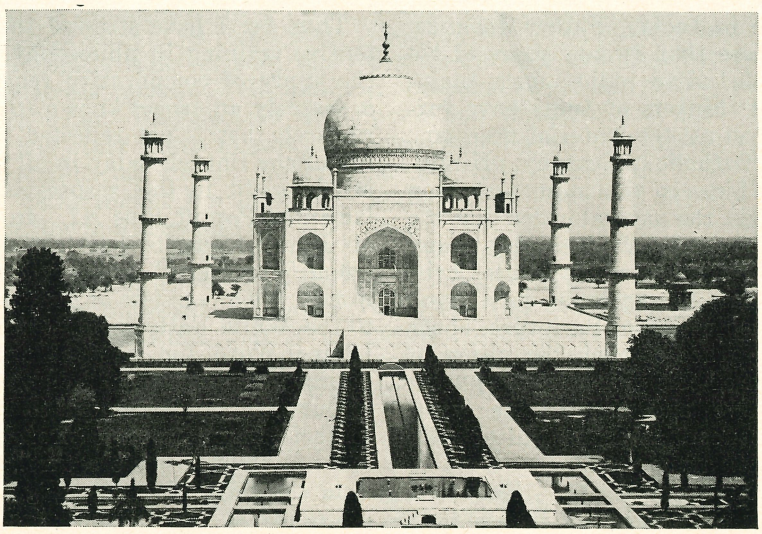
From all this it will be seen that the study of the foreign mission apostolate, with all it entails of responsibility for the missionary, is not without a certain fascination and a sense of daring adventure for God and the Church. Indeed, the mere reading of the record of service of the priests, Brothers and Sisters, engaged in this important branch of the Church's activity in the modern world, besides affording a genuine thrill, greatly enhances our knowledge of the social and medical sciences.

Down To Delhi

By
SISTER M. PAULINE, S.C.M.M., R.N.

"It's good to be in India, now that spring is here"—but it is even better to travel in India, especially when your companion is a veteran of eight years who knows all the spots of interest, and your destination is Delhi.

It was on a Monday morning that Sister Margaret Mary and I left the Pindi station, bound for the capital of India, where we were to attend the North India Nurses' Conference.



Requirements for traveling are certainly much more numerous than at home. Practically everyone has, in addition to his personal luggage, a bedding roll consisting of a canvas case in which to put blankets, sheets and a pillow (some also carry a wash basin in a canvas case), besides a basket of food and a *serai* or container for water. It was my first long trip since the journey from Bombay, but it felt quite different—I was just a *little* more at home in my surroundings.

The journey down was through miles and miles of barren country, broken occasionally by a small patch of vegetation where the land was being irrigated. This irrigation was accomplished by the simple contrivance of buckets arranged on a wheel in such a way that they came up full and spilled out onto the fields which were divided by mud walls a few inches high. The power was provided by a huge bullock which walked round and round in a continuous circle. Occasionally we passed small herds of goats or other animals, grazing on the parched and scanty grass. Villages of mud huts huddled together and surrounded by a high mud wall, some with a white stone mosque in the center pointing its minarets high above the drab surroundings, flashed into view and out again as we hurried on. Farther south we passed rice fields, where shrouded figures were bent over the grain, cutting it by hand. Once as we passed a sandy plain, three camels could be seen striding across the horizon in the dusk—a truly eastern picture.

Mumtaz Mahal, mother of fourteen children, lies buried in the Taj Mahal (above)

We arrived in Delhi the next morning. A tonga took us to the famous shopping street *Chandni-Chauk,* and it was hard to believe this now placid thoroughfare, with its pleasant avenue of neems and peepals, had more than once run red with blood. All types of people wended their way in and out, pausing here and there at the unpretentious little shops which contain so many treasures. There are a thousand little booths which display handicrafts of all kinds and a variety of articles that is wholly unimaginable. One could spend hours in this single street which is about three-quarters of a mile long!

Our next visit was to the Moghul Palace, or Delhi Fort, which once housed an active, thriving city. Built of red sandstone, it is a

massive structure standing among ruined splendor. One could almost forget the present as one wanders through the beautiful gardens and in and out of the several buildings, yet actually little remains to testify to the once unparalleled magnificence of the palace and seat of the Peacock Throne.

In the evening we left Delhi for Agra. It is certainly a unique experience to travel all night in a railway carriage crowded with both luggage and Indian women, the latter very friendly, interested in everyone, eating all sorts of foods and chewing enthusiastically the eternal *pan!*

We were to attend Mass at the Immaculate Conception Church, which stands next to the four-hundred-year-old Cathedral with its adjoining Cemetery of Martyrs. It was still early in the morning when we drove by tonga the six miles to the church, twisting our way in and out among bullock carts and pedestrians, hill ponies loaded with bricks or straw and sweepers energetically raising clouds of dust as they swished the roadside with their short twig brooms. We even passed an occasional Queen Victoria carriage, with a man in flying *pugri* (turban) driving the horses instead of the traditional silk-hatted coachman! At all the water-places men were vigorously splashing water on their bodies as they took their morning "bath"; neither the cold atmosphere nor the cold water seemed to phase them!

A trip to this part of India is rare, and all the marvels must be seen while in the vicinity! It was with eager anticipation that I accompanied Sister Margaret Mary to our next point of interest—one of the seven wonders of the world, the Taj Mahal! I had heard much about it, had seen pictures and miniature reproductions of it, but had never visualized the true beauty that lay before our eyes as, beyond the exquisite symmetry of gardens, pools, walks and shrubs I saw the magnificent, dazzling whiteness of the Taj! Volumes have been written of this monument—perhaps it all could be summed up in the words of one who said: "It is a bit of the New Jerusalem. It neither requires moonlight nor sunset; it brings its own atmosphere, its own light that 'never was seen on sea or shore!' "

The district of Agra has many relics of the past, especially remnants of the rule of Moghul emperors. Resembling the Delhi Fort in massive red sandstone exterior, the Agra Fort paradoxically seems in its very silence to be continually telling of those past days when the emperors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries frequented its palaces and mosques. The Moti Masjid or Mosque was particularly striking in its pure whiteness, with strips of delicately-hued marble bordering the "prayer spaces" providing the only color in the entire structure. As we stood on the balcony of the palace, overlooking the river, Sister called my attention to the pillars and walls, set with precious stones in floral designs. A tiny piece of jade, about the size of a little finger, was set to catch the image of the Taj, which was about a mile away across the river. A glimpse into the small green gem showed it in all its majestic beauty—a perfect miniature reproduction!

We spent a few hours with the Sisters of Jesus and Mary at their convent. The school children were just departing for their homes—it was holiday season—so there was a big *tamasha* of tongas at the front gate! The institution consists of a large school and an orphanage for girls. When it was time to leave we were taken to the station in the school bus, and arrived only to learn that the train was one hour and a half late!

But in India the railroad stations are so full of interest and activity that it is not such a penance to wait. I always have a special admiration for the coolies who dexterously put two or more tin trunks on their heads, top it off with a roll of bedding and then collect a host of smaller parcels in their hands! As they *walk down the steps,* balancing these ungainly loads, I instinctively expect to see something come toppling down, but it never does! Then there are the food venders with their assortments of native tid-bits which they serve, not on a plate, but on a large leaf or piece of newspaper; the tea *wallas* (venders) with their large shallow baskets of fruit balanced on their heads; and the countless people in all types of native dress. The birds, too, seem to like the railway stations, and as we stood and waited for our train, a whole flock of beautiful parrots, filling three trees, set up a grand concert (?) as they chased the crows from the perches they had claimed as their own.

At last our train came in and we were bound once more for Delhi. All day Thursday was spent at St. Stephen's Hospital, where the conference was held. It was very interesting to meet missionaries from many different sections and to hear the reports and problems of the mission nurses who gathered from all parts of northern India.

On Friday we visited the Lady Reading Health School, which is a Health Visitors' Center. Here the mothers may come to be taught how to feed their babies properly, and how to prepare the food, as well as the ordinary principles of hygiene. Clinics also are conducted.

When we arrived at the railway station, ready to return to Pindi, we discovered that our train would be three hours late! One soon learns that India holds a secret which we have forgotten: "Time is not money; time is naught." So there is no occasion for hurry!

at home MMS and abroad

Washington

Address: Medical Mission House
Box 4405
Brookland, D. C.

June is a child, a wee mite of a child, with wide, blue eyes and gay, laughing lips—no one else could have tiptoed up behind us so silently, to startle us with her sudden announcement: "Here I am!"

Like a sprite, she danced in barefoot on a carpet of rose petals, a cluster of strawberries in one small hand and a spray of blossoms in the other. With a certain naive dignity she has enthroned herself in our garden, to receive each day as it comes bringing gifts to the feet of the Queen! She accepts them as her due, with a child-like hauteur—cherries, white, red and purple; forget-me-nots and daisies; round radishes and lettuce; and even a promise of blackberries for the Fourth of July! But in the midst of it all she cannot resist forgetting her royalty long enough to wink at us roguishly and put the question: "Tell me, am I an end or a beginning?"

Sister Isabel Schmitz-Dumont

Optimist or Pessimist?

It *is* a riddle. And yet, does not the answer depend upon how you look at things? There is the story of two thirsty men who came upon a flask of water filled to the mid-mark.

"Ah," said one dolefully, " 'tis half empty!"

"Not so," declared his companion, holding it aloft in triumph, " 'tis half full!"

And so the three Medical Missionaries who receive their diplomas this month might be tempted to say that they have reached an "ending." But Medical Missionaries are optimists. And looking at the event from the larger, deeper point of view, they can see that a *step* has been *completed,* and now they are ready to *begin* to realize in a fuller sense their ideal of service in the Medical Mission Apostolate!

A New M.D. . . .

On June 14, Sister Isabel Schmitz-Dumont, of Cologne, Germany, will receive her degree of Doctor of Medicine from Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, Pa.

Sister Isabel took her preparatory studies at the College of St. Catherine, of St. Paul, Minn., conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, and then began her medical course at the University of Minnesota before entering the Society. After completing her novitiate, she resumed her studies at Women's Medical College. On July 1, she will begin her interneship at St. Mary's Hospital in Philadelphia, conducted by the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis.

. . . and Two B.A.'s

Just one week earlier, on June 6, Sister M. Barbara and Sister M. Timothy will receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Trinity College here in Washington, the former in Chemistry and the latter in Biology.

Sister Barbara, who comes from Wilmington, Del., began her college work with the Religious of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville, New York City. Sister Timothy, of Moline, Ill., after completing a semester's work at St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, was enrolled for a year and a half at Mundelein College, Chicago, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The First Milestone (Almost)!

Sisters M. Theophane and M. Michael also will have had their "first anniversary in training" before our magazine greets you again. The two began their three-year course at Providence Hospital here in the city, last fall.

Thanks to the kindness of those in charge, and to the obliging good nature of some of the patients, we were able to take a few snapshots of the future R.N.'s at work, one of which we include in this issue.

A String for Your Finger!

Two months seems an appallingly long time to look ahead—there will be no MEDICAL MISSIONARY printed in July or August—and there are so many things of which to remind you: the annual convention of the Catholic Hospital Association in Milwaukee, Wis., June 12 to 16; the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade convention to be held at the Catholic University here in Washington, August 22 to 25; the month of the Sacred Heart; the month of the Precious Blood; and all the feasts and fasts, holy days and holidays in between. Amid all of them, may we wish you a pleasant summer and a happy vacation!

Perhaps some of you will visit the nation's capital, and will come to see us personally. We are particularly looking forward to meeting many of our C. S. M. C. friends, since our house is little more than ten minutes' walk from the Catholic University campus.

To one and all we extend a sincere invitation to visit the Medical Mission House!

Sister M. Barbara

Sister M. Michael on Duty

Sister M. Timothy

Philadelphia

Address: Medical Mission Sisters
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

The young lawyer who is tempted to discouragement after hanging out his shingle, should pay a visit to our house in Fox Chase! The workmen here have been hanging out shingles for weeks (so it seems to us) and still we find ourselves very literally without a roof over our heads—at least, the big house is far from rainproof. We are quite cozy in our bungalow, however. The men are doing their very best, despite storms and heat, and we are still hoping to have everything in readiness by early fall.

More Helpers!

Under the leadership of Mrs. Wendell Young, an Auxiliary has been formed here in Philadelphia to help our new foundation. After a business meeting in the home of Mrs. Young on May 19, a number of the women drove out to the Motherhouse to see the "projects and prospects."

A "Prince" Among the Cabbages!

Since the last issue there has been an addition to the Fox Chase menage! We now have a horse, a fine chestnut fellow with a white face, who answers to the name of Prince. Despite the royal title, he seems quite democratic, and has made no objections at all to plowing up the field for cabbage and tomato plants! Already we have cleared quite a space, and garden prospects look very bright. Another week and we shall be as interested in the rain problem as any Iowa corn grower! Perhaps we shall even add a barometer to our list of needs!

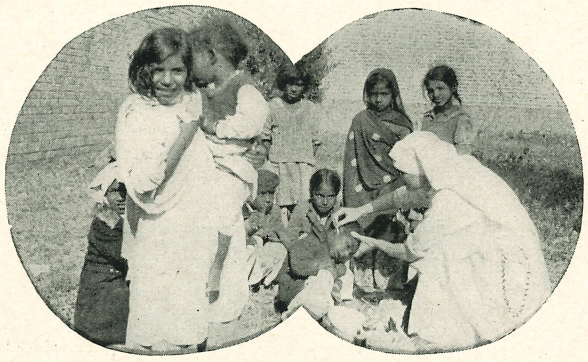
Rawalpindi

Address: Holy Family Hospital
Murree Road
Rawalpindi, India

Ding, Dong, Bell!

Of course, this was not literally a "June wedding." Since it takes a month for mail to reach us from India, the event probably took place more than thirty days ago. But it does fit into the season nicely, and so we give you Sister Alma Julia's account:

"We had a wedding at 8.30 Mass in our parish church yesterday—one of the catechists married a girl from St. Catherine's Orphanage. This orphanage, conducted by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, is a little plot of French culture set down in a desert of paganism. Getting their charges properly married to good Catholics is just one of the worries and achievements of the good Sisters.



Sister M. Vincent Giving First Aid to Some Small, Pindi Patients

"For some of us this was the first opportunity we had had to see a real Indian wedding, and all who could spare the time slipped into the church for the ceremony. I found a corner up in the gallery, where the girls from St. Catherine's formed the choir (and they sang the High Mass beautifully!).

"Two armchairs were placed just before the Communion rail, and the bridegroom was the first to come in and take his place. He was quite tall (at least a head taller than the bride, I saw later), and his costume was, to say the least, unique. The trousers looked like white pajamas. His *kurti* (shirt) was a brilliant purple, the tails hanging out, Indian style, and reaching almost to his knees. Over this he wore a rather tight-fitting, khaki-colored coat. The final touch was a white *pugri* (turban), which was wound around a golden crown.

"Finally the bride came up the aisle on the right of Reverend Mother. She was a slim, fine-looking girl of about sixteen, looking really beautiful in her wedding gown of snowy white. The bridal veil was a masterpiece, all decorated with designs in shiny silver. It was so caught that it partly covered her face. She even had a wreath of orange blossoms on her head!

"The orphans at my elbows were breathless with excitement. One of them nudged me and whispered ecstatically: 'Look, Sister! Just like an angel!'

Local Color!

"The assemblage itself was far from drab. There were a number of the day scholars from the school in attendance, some of them Mohammedan girls in their *burkas.* Father wore his very best vestments, and the altar boys gloried in their little red cassocks and lace surplices. They almost burst with importance as they pattered around on the marble floor of the sanctuary in their little bare feet, just visible under the red hems!

"To Put Aside the Things of a Child . . ."

"And so they were married. When Mass was over, a catechist who had acted as Master of Ceremonies came out of the sacristy with two beautiful bouquets of flowers, one for the bride, the other for the bridegroom, and as the pair left the church they were pelted with *colored* rice! It was a gay touch.

"They had their wedding breakfast at Father's house. Later they were to have a wedding dinner or party, and then—they would go home. That is, the little bride will go to a one- or two-room house of mud or brick, with *no* modern conveniences, and set up housekeeping! I was told that at least she and her husband will be alone, and she will not have the latter's family to order her about as is the lot of most Indian girls when they are first married!

Doctors in Paradise!

"So much for the wedding. But such events are few and far between, and in the interludes there must be other happenings. One of the favorite pastimes is the performance of plays. These Indian youngsters are born actors. The audience can roar with laughter—at the right or wrong time—yet the young Thespians never even so much as smile!

"Not so long ago one of the priests got a group of them together to present a series of sketches, called 'mystery plays.' There were to be a number of scenes portraying Biblical incidents, among them Adam and Eve in the garden. Father consulted one of the Sisters about costumes. The latter looked up with a twinkle in her eye. 'For before or after the fall, Father?' she inquired!

"Our aid was solicited also in augmenting the wardrobe, and we threw the doors to our supplies, such as they were, open to the taste and discretion of the performers. The result was that Adam appeared amid the palm and banana leaves of the garden wearing a doctor's gown and a surgeon's cap turned backwards! I might also mention that Solomon's wife wore a wrist watch!"

Tea for Two!

Sister Pauline has managed to include a little social atmosphere in her medical routine. She writes:

"The other evening Sister Ann and I went out to attend to a case. After the patient had been cared for, the family insisted that we have a cup of tea. A white cloth was put on the table and a cup, *the one and only,* was produced. As our hostess brought it in, she wiped it out with her *chaddar* (veil), then poured the tea and handed it to me.

"As she happened to leave the room just then, I took advantage of the opportunity to whisper to Sister Ann: 'Must I drink all of this, or can I put some of it in that pan?'

"Sister Ann was relentless. 'You must drink *all* of it,' she decreed, and so—down it went! It was thick with sugar and some other mysterious ingredient, but I drained it to the last drop.

"By this time the woman had returned, and taking the cup from me, she proceeded to wipe it out in the same way and then present Sister Ann with her portion. I don't know how Sister does it, but she actually managed to look as though she were enjoying a cup of hot chocolate at Schraft's on Fifth Avenue!

All Dressed Up!

"We have had some lovely babies born in the hospital these last few weeks. The majority of them have been boys, too, which has made the proud parents most *'khush'* (delighted). The people usually are intrigued by the little shirt, dress and booties we put on the child, and ask if they should get the same kind of clothes for it. We assure them that that is just the thing to do, and as a rule a few days before the child is to go home, the father or one of the relatives goes off to the bazaar to purchase the necessary garments.

"The dress is invariably of dashing colors, the booties of glowing red or brilliant green. A square of gaily colored silk for the head completes the outfit, and then how delighted mother and the relatives are to see their treasure all dressed up and ready to go home!

"Before we let them leave, we teach each mother how to bathe and feed the baby, and make arrangements to have her bring the child for a monthly checkup.

The Court He Edged in White

"Daniel, our *mali,* has fixed up a square of ground for a tennis court, and has done a really fine job. He threw himself into the work with a vim—well, at least, a relative vim!—and finally came up to Sister, beaming all over, to ask if he might put the lines on.

"'Do you know how?' she asked dubiously.

"'Ha ji (yes), Sister,' was the enthusiastic reply.

"And so the sought-for permission was given. When we came out to inspect, we found a neat white border all around the edge of the court! It has made the game most simple—no alleys to worry about, and service has become a pleasure!

"Daniel is really quite a character. Once he was a Hindu, but is now a Christian. One day he will appear in the tight trousers of the Sikhs, the next day in typical Hindu costume with a scarlet *pugri,* and then again you may see him in his ordinary Indian garb of white. I think even a chameleon would break down trying to keep up with him!

"Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?"

"Speaking of costumes, I wish I could draw you a picture of a Sikh man all dressed up for rain. He wears a huge raincoat. His socks are pulled up, garters and all, over his white trouser legs, and his headgear, worn to protect the turban—for a Sikh must always wear his turban—looks like an old-fashioned bathing cap! He almost makes you want to run!"

Timothy Agrees With Dr. Lalinsky That a Smile Is a Good Thing to End With!

Medical Mission Notes

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China

For the first time within living memory an epidemic of cholera broke out last September in the towns of Lungsi and Weiynan, China. Thanks to the prompt intervention of the Catholic dispensary at Lungsi, operated by the Brothers of Mary from Trier, the plague was kept out of the densely populated districts—thus do the missionaries serve the proletariat. In the three weeks some hundreds of the people had died at Lungsi. Fortunately a supply of cholera serum was procured, enabling the Brothers to inoculate the masses and protect them from the ravages of the dreadful disease. For this first time in history, superstition in such a crisis was discounted. The Brothers had prevailed on the authorities to order the people to go to them for inoculation. — CATHOLIC MISSIONS, May 1939.

* * *

The ear, nose and throat clinic at St. Mary's Hospital, Shanghai, which was formerly a department of the ophthalmological clinic, now occupies rooms of its own.

The ophthalmological clinic remains in charge of Dr. Lou, a past student of Aurora who made higher medical studies at Saigon, Brussels, Paris and Vienna. Dr. Lou is a member of the Aurora teaching staff.

The new clinic is placed under the supervision of another past student of Aurora, Dr. Lieou Tao.—THE ROCK, April 1939.

* * *

Mr. Perry Burgess, President of the American Leprosy Foundation, in an address to the Medical Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and to the American Society of Tropical Medicine in joint session in St. Louis, said: "I have visited leprosaria in which were as many as a thousand men, women and children stricken by this disease, not a single one of them receiving medical attention of any sort. On the other hand, I visited one place in South China (Maryknoll Leper Asylum) where the lepers had built hovels for themselves among the tombs of a cemetery, as in Biblical times, using for materials frail and perishable branches. In this place I found a clinician and bacteriologist with modest but adequate laboratory equipment, and examinations were being made and treatment given with care and intelligence." — THE ROCK, April 1939.

* * *

The following is the formula of the oath which the young doctor who is graduated from the Aurora University of Shanghai, China, takes before the assembled professors and students on the day he receives his degree:

"In my profession as Physician, I will be faithful to all the precepts of morality and professional honor. I will give to my patients, rich or poor, devoted and conscientious care and, to this end, I shall try to perfect my knowledge according to the progress of science and practice.

"I will consider it a grave obligation to go to the aid of those suffering from contagious or epidemic diseases and, under all circumstances, not to shun professional danger.

"I will keep inviolable every professional secret.

"I will use all my influence to combat the theory and practice of Birth Control. Life being a sacred thing, I will treat it with a sovereign respect in all my patients, in particular, I will take care to save the life of the mother as well as the child.

"I will feel it my duty to warn or to have warned of his danger a person gravely ill so that he may take care of his material and religious interests.

"I will not charge anyone in excess of his condition, and will be honored always to give a part of my time to gratuitous care of the poor.

"I will make it a point of honor not to accept any sum which is not a just compensation for a professional service."

Africa

Miss B. J. Locket, O.B.E., who was awarded the Honor for her work in East Africa, writes from Zanzibar that she is busy training candidates in Home Nursing; the first batch, consisting of both European and Goanese candidates, all passed the examination, and Miss Locket is now starting to train a second batch. She deserves success. One result of her work in Zanzibar is the formation of several Maternity Centers, where the women are attended by trained native midwives. — THE CATHOLIC NURSE, May 1939.

* * *

Malta

Miss L. M. Doherty, previously of St. Andrew's, Dollis Hill, and a faithful member of the Westminster Catholic Nurses' Guild, writes from the Malta Nursing School, Guardamangis, Malta:

"Our new hospital is nearing completion, but will not be ready for occupancy for about two years, and meanwhile I am very busy training the Sisters of Charity, many of whom are doing wonderful work in the various Government Institutions in the Island."—THE CATHOLIC NURSE, May 1939.

In Our Library

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LOOKING ON JESUS, *by Paul L. Blakely, S.J. The America Press. New York,* 1939. 116 *pp.* $1.00.

There is a method of shifting responsibility which has practically developed into an art. Children are notorious for it—it seems to develop almost as an adjunct to the instinct of self-preservation. And one is continually discovering grownups who never seem to have reached the point of "putting away the things of a child."

There is a growing movement on foot today to bring Christ more intimately into the commonplace existence of men, to realize that the "Catholic religion is not a cold system, nor merely a set of doctrines to be believed; it is loyalty to Christ, shown by loyalty to the Church." Men admit with comparative readiness that they have lost this intimacy; they are not so ready to accept the responsibility for the loss. "My family never spoke of religion," explains one. "I went to public school," says another. "The teachers never taught us the liturgy," protests a third.

> **The amount of influence Christ exerts on us, the extent to which we meditate on His words, the degree to which we cooperate with grace—all this determines what we "see" in religion. It is very well to live an athletic life, a social life, a business, a literary life, but over and above all that another life must go on developing within us—the life of living daily for God.—RUSSELL, *Christ the Leader.***

Father Blakely's book might stand as a challenge to these "culpability dodgers"—but to call it a challenge makes it sound belligerent, and that it is not. Rather, it is just what the cover proclaims, "Simple Reflections on the Sunday Gospels."

Man is so made that he can pause in the lands of "Thus-it-was," and "So-it-might-have-been," but he was not meant to stay in either of them. Amendment is the test of sincerity, and amendment does not sit down but goes forward. A person who is earnest in his regret at knowing so little of the mind of the Church (which is the mind of Christ), who wants to remedy this deficiency, who has not yet found a key to admit him to these treasures, might well find in Father Blakely's book an "open sesame." A glance through the titles shows the unity and scope of a "liturgical year." And each commentary is barely two pages long—ample testimony of the simplicity of "Looking on Jesus."

* * *

TEN BLESSED YEARS, *by Clara M. Tiry. The Apostolate of Suffering Press. Milwaukee, Wis.* 1939. *Illustrated.* 306 *pp. Paper cover,* $1.00; *cloth,* $1.50.

The Apostolate of Suffering is a union of the sick for mutual spiritual edification and consolation. Its foundress here records in a simple but interesting style all the facts relative to its foundation and progress. Her familiarity with the details enable her to present a complete review of the work accomplished by the Apostolate during the first ten years of its existence.

Shut-ins and friends of invalids especially will be interested in the facts and thoughts revealed in these eighteen chapters of conversational history. Many likewise will be astonished to read that this organization, national in scope, numbers five thousand seriously afflicted persons; that these sick ones are held together mainly by one person similarly afflicted, and that great mutual comfort and encouragement are derived through its spiritual benefits, its various opportunities for doing useful things, and its suggestions for more profitable and satisfying endurance of illness.

There are included certain prayers and poems appropriate for the sick and a list of recommended literature.

* * *

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY, *by Rev. Vigilus H. Krull, C.PP.S. M. A. Donohue & Co. Chicago, Ill. Sixth edition.* 99 *pp.* 60 *cents.*

We regret that Father Krull's book arrived too late to be included in our May magazine, since the readings are especially arranged for devotions during the month of Our Lady. The book includes an act of consecration and a short meditation on her virtues, her life or her relations to us for each day of the month.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Sister of Mary Verecunda Monahan, Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. E. A. Skae, Pontiac, Mich.

Edward F. McNally, Baltimore, Md.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: And let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

June Mission Intention

"For the welfare of the great number of Christians that have embraced the faith in Central Africa."

The intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of June mobilizes and rallies the Catholic forces for the defense and security of Christ's Kingdom in Africa. The intention itself spells volumes for those who still regard Africa as the continent of reptiles, wild life and savage tribes—an African missionary knows how difficult it is to convince people that Africa is the "Land of Promise" among foreign mission fields. Even the proverbial "White Man's Grave" on the West Coast has thriving Catholic communities.

After God, the origin of the Christian triumph in Africa may be traced to (a) the sacrifice of missionary lives and (b) the spiritual outlook of the African pagan on the things of life.

The Sacrifice of Missionary Lives

The story of the infant Church in tropical Africa is one of the most glorious in Church annals. The present progress of Christianity in Africa is not something which developed over night; it has been bought at a great price—it has been paid for by the thousands of heroic missionaries, messengers of the cross, who have given their lives joyfully and willingly in this difficult mission field.

The statistics of different missionary congregations showing the loss of life after but a short time in Africa are almost incredible. The treacherous African climate and its tropical epidemics have taken toll constantly and regularly. In 1859 the Bishop-Founder of the African Missions Society and a companion priest followed in the wake of three other missionaries bound for West Africa. In six weeks, all had been carried off by fever. The Bishop and one of his priests, last to survive, absolved each other in turn from their dying beds. The French Consul performed the burial. When Pius IX received this tragic news, he was moved to prophesy: "A work thus begun shall never perish."

In the same spirit of faith, Cardinal Lavigerie intoned the *Te Deum* on the news of the massacre of his missionaries, and our present Superior General tells of earlier days when cables for several days in succession brought news of missionaries who had answered to the roll call of martyrs. Even today, when modern methods of sanitation and hygiene make life more secure, the work of the Church continues under the shadow of the cross. In 1937, a young missionary just ordained gave up his life after six weeks' apostolate. During his voyage to Africa he had written to a friend that he had asked God to accept the sacrifice of his life as in the case of other young missionaries, mentioned by name. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith."

The Spiritual Outlook of the African Pagan

The primitive African is a sincere believer in a world of spirits superior to the world of man. There is a belief in a Supreme Being, the lover of good and the hater of evil, who is not so remote from the life of the pagan as some writers would have us believe.

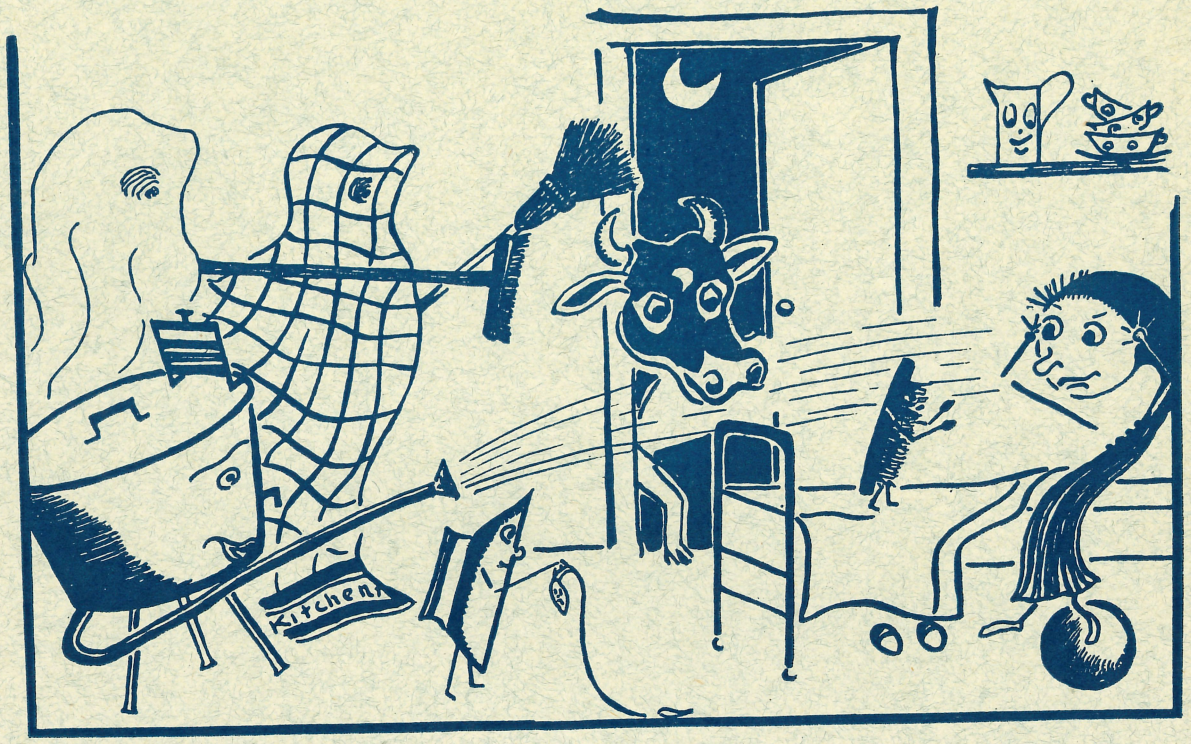
Christianity finds its points of contact in this acceptance of a Supreme Being, in the respect for the departed and in the sacrificial worship of spirits. Conversion to Christianity does not completely alter the focus of native tenets: The grace of faith brings under full light the Supreme Being of pagan tradition, the "High God," until now but vaguely known and rarely the direct object of pagan worship.

From a social standpoint, the African negro never comes of age. He is always a member of the family, the clan and the tribal groups which include the living and the dead members; he is always responsible to and under the tutelage of these groups. A corporate way of thinking and acting molds his outlook: The worship of the spirits is the care of the group, and individual offences against the spirits have to be expiated by the family or the clan. Converted Africans have become apostles to their own people and spread the knowledge of the one true God with their own effective methods of persuasion. Once the claims of the true God are rightly understood, the action of grace is aided by a natural receptiveness to the claims of the supernatural world. Mass conversions are not usual in the history of the Church in Africa, but they are not an extraordinary phenomenon where pagan religious-social training has prepared the way for the action of the Holy Spirit.

There are dangers from within: The pagan temple is desecrated; the ancestral spirits are dishonored; the fleshpots of Egypt appeal to the African as to the Isrealite. There are dangers from without: The encroaching tide of Islamism moves steadily and stealthily through trading contacts. The mandated territories may change hands and fall to the governments of one "ism" or another. Yet the graves which hold the bones of mission martyrs have their reward in the myriads of twinkling sanctuary lights which dot the African continent; they are tombs which hold the pledge of future promise!—ANTHONY P. MCANDREW, S.M.A., LL.D., A.M.; Rector, African Mission Seminary, Silver Spring, Md.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The African Missions Society has just opened a seminary at Silver Spring, Md. Further information can be had by writing to "The Rector" at that address.)

Fox Chase Presents:



"THE WONDERS OF NIGHT"

(1 Reel Problem)

FEATURING MISS KWES CHUN MARK AND THE FOLLOWING QUERIES:

FIRST QUERY: I wonder how we will get the wash done without a wash machine!

SECOND QUERY: I wonder how we will do the ironing without irons or a mangle!

THIRD QUERY: I wonder if someone is going to give us a cow! (We have a horse!)

FOURTH QUERY: I wonder how we can make two dozen sheets stretch for three dozen beds!

ASSORTED BIG AND LITTLE QUERIES: I wonder if folks realize that we will be *FORTY* people, and that even after we have received *some* bedspreads, and tablecloths, and napkins, and dishes, and scrub-brushes, and brooms, and hand towels, and dish towels, and plates, and cups, and saucers, and knives, and forks, and spoons, and kitchen utensils, and all the other things that a real family needs, we can still use more and more and *more!*

An answer to any of the queries will entitle you to a box seat! You are cordially invited!

THE MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SOCIETY OF CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and the Novitiate are located in Brookland, Washington, D. C.

At present the Society labors in India where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child-welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world as soon as its numbers permit.

For further information apply to

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MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE, BOX 4405, BROOKLAND STATION,
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